Boy. Well ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they ſay, to heare muſique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch ſir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe, vaniſh into aire, away.

Caſ Doſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Caſ. Prethee keepe vp thy quillets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be ſtirring, tell her ther's one *Caſsio*, entreates her a little fauour of ſpeach—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago. *Exit Clo.*

Caſ. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caſ Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago* to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. Ile ſend her to you preſently,
And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Leiutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholeſome wiſedome,
He might not but refuſe: but he proteſts he loues you,
And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in againe. *Caſ.*